

The Sea King's Grave.

Hugh over the wild waters, on the furthest shore down to the West,
Is the grave, grave mound of the Norseman,
And I heard in the wind his story, as they leap
up salt from the wave,
And the wild waves, the brambles that grow
from the sea king's grave.
Some son of the Old-World Vikings, the wild
sea wandering lords,
Was called in sunless gallery, with a terror
of the world's end,
From the south of the sunless winter, they came
in an icy blast.
The over the world's westward the shadow
of his passing,
Till the world's wide inland waters and made
the Southland's waves.
And started on the pony proures with their blue
victorious eyes,
And they said he was old and royal and a war
of the world's end,
But the king who had said his brother lived yet
in the islands.
And he came from a hundred battles, and died
in his last and greatest.
For he said, "I have no vengeance,
and the king of the world is dead;
He has passed on his homeward journey, and
the king of the world is dead;
He had drunken the draught of triumph, and
the cup was the king's head;
And he spake the song and dancing, and the
days of things to be;
And three days young they rowed on a
waveless sea.
Till a small cloud rose to the shoreward, and a
great cloud of trouble,
And the sound of the rivers and the murmur
of winds was loud.
With the voice of the fierce thunder, till the
shuddering air grew warm,
And the dew was dark, and the wild
goats on the hills.
But the old man lay in the thunder as he
set his courage on his brow,
And he was drawn to the lightning and
glow to the mailed proures.
And the shaft of the world's god's arrow flashed
out from his mailed skies,
Down on his worn harness, and
gleamed in his fiery eyes.
And his mail and his crested helmet, and his
hair and his beard burned red;
And they said, "He is Odin only," and he fell,
and his heart he hid.
So here, in his grave around, they laid him
down to his last sleep.
In his casket with the reindeer antlers, and
the long grey beard on his breast;
His bier was the bier of the islands, with a sail
of the world's end.
And the sun of his blood red galaxy, and his
bride brained in his death;
And they laid him beside him, and planted
the grave of ye,
For the grace of mighty archer, one tree for each
of the stars.
Where the bowers of cliffs are sheerest, where
the hills circle and warm,
And the rocks are at war with the waves, with
their jagged gray teeth in the storm;
And the waves of the tides sweep in, and the
rocks moan.
Hill with the grassy mound where the
Norseman's yearns grow.

(Henrik Ibsen.)

STEALING GRAPES.

BY A. R.

"Such a quantity of them," said the
widow Winton, "and doing nobody
any good."

The golden September sunshine was
stepping all the uplands in yellow
brightness; the cooler of the coming
frost had touched the maples and sum-
mers with fiery red, and the wild
grapes in the woods came freighting
the air with sweetness.

Such wild grapes, too—great bloom-
ing masses of purple outlined against
their green, leaves, as if some
enchanted hand had hung all the for-
ested bays with glistening pendants
of amethyst.

"The jelly they would make," said
the widow Winton, shading her large
black eyes with one hand, as she looked
up where the vines had garlanded a
copse of cedar-trees. "And the pre-
serves. And the prunes they would
bring in market. I really do think
that when I rented the Glen Cottage I
ought to have had the privilege of
these woods to the bargain, more es-
pecially as Mr. Easelmont is in Europe,
and the grapes are doing nobody any
good."

And the widow Winton drew a deep
sigh as the wild wailed a fresh gust
of fragrance towards her, the sweet,
indescribable aroma of ripening grapes
in the critic of autumn sunshine.

The widow Winton, it is under-
stood, was no angular matron,
wrinkled old bosome, but a rosy little
personage of two or three and twenty,
with laughing, slate-black eyes, a saucy
reverence pose, and lips like a clift
rosebud.

And as she stood there, with her
dimpled hands interlaced above her
eyes, a rebellious resolution formed it-
self in her heart.

"I will have them," said the widow
Winton; "as well as the school
boys and sparrow. And if I were to
ask that crusty old agent I know he'd
refuse, so I shall just wait the little
ceremony. I'll rend them into town,
and I'll take the money to get me a
hat, for mine has been positively
shabby ever since the grape got soured
through in that summer shower three
weeks ago Sunday."

And the widow Winton west home
to the little cottage on the edge of the
woods, which had once been a porter's
lodge to the Easelmont estate, and told
her sister what she had determined
upon.

"Fancy," said Miss Charity Hall,
who was ten years older than the
widow, and a good many degrees graver,
"pray don't think of such a thing."

"It would be stealing."

"Oh it wouldn't," stoutly argued
Fancy, "I'm a long, long, mus-
tard boy now, and my wife is a
full shamus. And Mr. Easelmont is in
Paris, and that cross old crab of an
agent sets up a cry, 'I do this a pleasure
that I didn't expect.'

"Mr. Easelmont," cried out the
widow.

"I beg a thousand pardons for not
disclosing my identity before," said the
handsome incogito. "But you've no

basket with a twisted handle and
double lid, and tripped off.

"How are you going to reach them?"

said Miss Charity.

"I shall climb," said the widow.

"You!" cried Miss Charity.

"Yes, I," nodded the widow.

But she was yet engaged in gathering
the purple spoils that hung ripe and
tempting within her reach, when there
was a crackling of dry leaves under
foot, and a tall young man in a suit of
dark-colored cloth and a Tyrolean hat
stepped lightly into the forest glade.

"It's the new rector," said the widow.

Winton to herself, "To think that he
should have blundered along at this
time of all others. But now I
may as well make the best of it."

And she turned around to greet the
bewildered newcomer with a sweet
smile and the utmost self-possession.

"Will you have some grapes?" said
she holding out the twisted wick-
er basket.

"I beg your pardon," stammered
the stranger, "but I supposed
these were the Easelmont woods."

"So they are," said the widow.

"And I am stealing the Easelmont
grapes, because you see, I've rented
the little cottage yonder, and I really
think the grapes ought to go with the
cottage, don't you?"

"Really," said the widow, "I
had perceived by this
time that he was tall and straight, with
pleasant hazel eyes, and a long silky
moustache—"I know so little about the
property here."

"Oh, of course not," said the
widow, sitting down on a fallen tree, with
her little black silk apron full of grapes.

"But I can tell you the person who
owns the property is in Europe, and
the agent is such a cross old fudge that
one can't ask for so much as a bunch of
wild flowers—a regular crab, you
know," opening her bright eyes very
wide to emphasize her idea.

"How very disagreeable," said the
widow, "so I just concluded to help myself,"

said the widow.

"So I perceive," said the hero of
the silky moustache.

"Wouldn't you, if you were in my
place," said the widow.

"Certainly I would," said the gentle-
man, "and if you will allow me I will
help you yourself."

"But you haven't time," said the
widow Winton dubiously.

"Oh yes I have," said the stranger,
plenty of time I assure you. I was
only crossing the woods to call on the
new rector, and—"

"Oh dear!" she cried. I thought
you were the new rector."

The stranger laughed.

"Do I look very clerical?" said he.

"Then you are the agent's son from
Canada," said she. And I've been
calling your father a crab and all sorts
of names. Oh! dear! I beg your
pardon, I am sure, but all the same he
is a crab."

"Pray don't distress yourself,"

scooted the stranger, "I am no rela-
tive at all to Mr. Easelmont's agent."

The widow brightened up a little at
this.

"I'm thankful for that," said she;

"and now, if you'll help me with the
grapes, we can get them all gathered
before the agent comes on his afternoon
walk. Can you climb?"

"I should rather think I could,"

promptly answered the gentleman.

The widow clapped her plump little
hands in delight at the huge bunches
raised down into her apron.

"There!" cried she, "that's enough."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Oh! quite," said the widow, "and
so we'll get the grapes to the new
rector."

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